Philochasander

AND

ELANIRA

The faire Lady of Britaine.

Wherein is discouered the miserable passions of Loue in exile, his vnspeakeable Ioy receaued againe into fauour, with the deserued guerdon of perfit loue and Constancie.

Hurtfull to none, but pleasaunt and delightfull for all Estates to contemplate.

By Henry Petowe.

Dulcia non meruit qui non gustauit amara.

Printed by Thomas Purfoot.

1599.

❧ To the vertuous and courteous young Gentleman, and his very friend Maister *Iohn Cowper*, H. P. *wisheth increase of vertue and heauenly Happinesse.*

SEeme you content, be discontent who list,
My chiefest studie is to please my frend,
Your liking scares the byting Satirist,
What foole dyslikes where vertue doth commend.
Vertues firme stay is resident in thee,
And I from vertue seeke Appologie.

Vouchsafe then thou admired to descend,
Downe from th'imperious rich skie threatning throne,
Of all subdewing vertue, (honours friend)
And grace the Rōofe of my poore mansion.
Herein's contain'd the house of my goood will,
Like it and take it, so be Land-lord still.

Yf the foundation shrinking chance to faile,
And strongest posts the builder doe beguile,
Suppose it then the Cottage of a Snaile:
That tottering falls: so that her ruine smile.
Decay in such poore creatures breeds delight,
For their ambition sauors not of might.

Yours to his power humbly deuoted.

Henry Petowe.

Ad Inuidiam.

SHame seeking Zoylists, *is it not offence,*
That Momus *is the God of your deuotion?*
To whome you consecrate all diligence,
In carping and contemning euery motion.
Shame ye not thus to seeke the shame of others?
Why seeke you shame? shame swiftly doth pursue you:
Yet enuie so your bashfull sences smothers,
That you shame not so much as they that view you.
Looke back, looke back and let this Poem passe,
That passeth not blinde byting Enuies terrour:
But learne to knowe abstaynance in this glasse,
And carpe not that which wanteth naught but errour.
Vaine are all actions of humanitie:
Then blame not fiction, 'tis but vanitie.

N. R. Gent.

In laudem Authoris.

THe Lawrels greene wreath, *Pallas* doth propose,
To the Tryumphant Temples of all those,
Which by *Appollo's* inspiration,
Merit faire *Daphnes* transformation.
Then doth this Author, by all Poets Lawes,
Deserue that Fame with generall applause.

Henry Snelling Gentleman.

To the quick-ſighted Readers.

AS he that lately ranſom'd from the ſnare,
Dreads ſtill venture on the ſelfe-ſame gin,
So erſt by folly led, not arm'd with care,
Seeke I to ſhun the pit I late was in,
The ſinke of miſconceite, and errors Cell,
Wherein my wandring *Muſe* downe head-long fell.

(Rayſ'd by your fauours) ſhe hath prunde her wings,
And now her ſecond flight ſhe gins to make,
Oh doe not hurt her, though ſhe rudely ſprings,
For want of skill, but rather pleaſure take.
To ſee an vnfidg'd fowle make ſhift to flie,
Whoſe vngrowne plumes all meanes for ayd deny.

Once ſhe did ill, ſince when ſhe liu'd obſcure,
In blacke robes mu'd within an ebon herſe,
No longer now ſhe will her ſelfe, Immure,
But cancell her rude *Epitaphe's* harſh verſe.
Bleſt may her ſecond reſurrection be,
And in your fauours liue eternallie.

Yours as opportunitie will permit.

H. P.

To the fayreſt *Elanira*.

FAire glorie of Vertue, *whoſe bright* Angels *forme,*
(Fram'd of immortall powers all diuine,)
Baniſh the blacke Clouds of a threatning ſtorme
Darting ſuch ſplendant rayes from Bewties *eyen.*
Eyes caſting light, like to the Lampes of heauen,
Whoſe eyes all eyes of ſight hath quite bereauen.

Blinde I, whoſe I, can neuer be but blinde,
Vnleſſe the ſun-ſhine of your ſacred bewtie,
Inforce the curtaines of mine eyes, (aſſign'd
By loue) to ope and doe their wonted dutie.
Then ſhine bright Sunne vpon my liquid ſoyle,
Drench'd with my teares in hazard of much ſpoyle.

How can that ſoyle (faire Sunne) but ruinate,
Whereon the Sunne will neuer caſt his light?
Such is your Bewties force, when I contemplate,
That one kinde ſmile can brighten my darke night.
My harts ſad woes, which force my ſoule to languiſh,
Such is my woes inexorable anguiſh.

If then one harmeles ſmile from beauties faire
Lend comfort to a thouſand new bred woes.
Smile ſacred Saincte to baniſh fell diſpaire:
Diſpaire that all ſweet pleaſure ouerthrowes.
My weale or woe at Beawties *mercieis,*
From wes bred my ſorrowes, ſmiles my endles bliſſe.

Philochaſander.

The pleaſant Hiſtorie of
Philochaſander and Elanira.

SEauen tymes twiſe tould the bright *Hyperian*,
Hath circled the fierie *Zodiacke*, (began
Seauen times twiſe ſeauen, ſince darting loue
within thoſe twiſe ſeuen dais my poore ſoules
Of an old hurt, yet feele the woũd but green, (wrack,
Wounded by Loue, yet loue hath neuer ſeen.

In *Cyprus* ſpringes, where *Beautie* faire once dwelt,
A well ſo hot that who ſo taſts the ſame,
Were hee of ſtone, as thawed Ice ſhould melt:
And finde his breſt kindled with burning flame.
Whoſe feruent heate my cold lymmes ſo oppreſt,
That fell diſpaire doth lend me little reſt.

An other well that ſpringes ſo hot is found,
Whoſe chilling venome of repugnant kinde,
Drenches the burning heate of *Cupids* wound,
And with the ſpot of change infects the minde.
Whereof my deare hath taſted, to my paine,
My ſeruice thus is growen into diſdaine.

From

II.

FRom *Tuskane* came my Ladies worthy race,
Faire *Florence* was ſometimes her auntient ſeate,
The weſterne Ile whoſe pleaſant ſhore doth face,
Wilde *Cambers* cliffes did giue her liuely heate.
Foſtred ſhe was with Milke of Iriſh breſt,
And now in famous *Britaine* ſhe doth reſt.

Fortune bad *Chaunce*, the Author of my rewe,
Why did you ſuffer hoarie aged tyme,
To preſent ſuch a Diamond to my viewe,
At whoſe firſt ſight, my Sun-ſhine did decline:
Warres forren gallants wherefore did you ſlumber,
And careleſly let ſlip ſo rare a wonder.

Why did you ſleepe, and did not gaze vpon her?
Why did ſo rare a priſe eſcape your handes?
Why did not waking Centonels ceaſe on her?
Whoſe ſacred lookes all earth on earth commaunds.
Her faire of kinde, her vertues from aboue,
Happy is he that can obtayne her loue.

III.

THe Sun hath twice brought forth his tẽder green,
Twice clad the Earth in liuely luſtineſſe,
Once haue the windes the trees diſplayed clean:
And once againe begins their cruelneſſe.
Since I haue hid the harme within my breſt,
My Ladies coy diſdaine that hinders reſt.

The winters hurt recouers with the warme,
The parched greene reſtored is with ſhade,
What warmth alas may ſerue for to diſarme,
The frozen heart that mine inflame hath made.
VVhat colde againe is able to reſtore,
My freſh greene yeares that wither more & more.

Strange kindes of death in life I trie,
At hand to melt farre of in flame to burne,
And like as time liſt to my cure applie,
So doth each place whole heapes of woes returne.
Loue ſeemes to haue my cure ſtill in ſcorne,
VVho liuing die: and dying liue to morne.

IIII.

MOst happie all but I; the ſauadge wild,
The ſenceleſſe beaſts in field that paſture takes,
Nature will not permit them be beguild.
Of their true-harted loue affecting makes.
The pooreſt ſenceles creature on earth lyuing
Enioyes what he loues moſt, and neuer grieuing.

The *Hart* he feedeth by the gentle *Hynde*,
The *Bucke* doth feede hard by the prettie *Dooe*,
The *Turtle Doue* we neuer ſee vnkinde,
To him that to her doth affection ſhow.
I proffer kindnes, yet tis not accepted,
I loue, yet loue of loue is quite reiected.

The harmeles *Ewe* ſhe hath by her the *Ram*,
The younger *Cowe* hath to her make the *Bull*,
The *Calfe* with many a prettie nibling *Lam:*
Vppon the downes doe feede their hunger full.
But my Loue lou'd prizeth ſo hie her faire,
That for her want I cannot but deſpaire.

V.

FVll faire and white ſhe is, and *White* by name,
Whoſe white doth ſtriue the Lillies white to ſtaine,
Who may contemne the blaſt of blacke defame,
Who in darke night can bring day bright againe.
Day is not day, vnles her ſhine giue light,
And when ſhe frownes, day turnes to gloomy night.

The ruddie Roſe impreſſeth with clere hewe,
In lippes and cheekes right orient to behould,
Her ſparkling eies dart foorth to worldly view:
Such glimering ſplendant rayes, more bright thē gold.
Her lookes the ſtill behoulders eyes amazes,
Dimming their ſights, that on her *Bewtie* gazes.

Oh how my hart did burne at her firſt ſight,
Oh how my rauiſht ſoule did leape for ioy,
Day ſtill did ſmile, t'was neuer ebon night,
No griefe, no woe, increaſed my anoy.
Vntill I gaue the on-ſet to the fort,
Then fell diſdaine ſet period to my ſport.

Fayre

VI.

FAire *Penthesilea* th'Amazonian Queene,
Whose man-like force foyled *Achilles* sonne,
And hung his sheild of *Grecians* to be seene,
VVithin *Troy* walles hath not such honour won.
By that hir admirable Princely deede,
As my loue hath, on whome all eyes doe feede.

Helen mongst Princes is accompted rare,
Phillis the Shepheards Doe commend for feature,
The Gods sweete *Venus* to be onely faire,
Yet she whome I loue is a fayrer creature.
Of all the beauties since the world begun,
Make one faire star, yet mine will be the Son.

From vtmost confines of the far wide world,
Came war-like Knights like bees to hiue in number,
To gaze on her, deckt with *Appollo's* tourld,
And dangling goulden locks, the worlds faire wonder.
Whose too bright lamps shining in *Phebus* view,
VVithdrawes his rayes into a darker hewe.

VII.

EAch morne when freſh *Aurora* gan to peepe,
And *Phœbus* riſing from the Eaſterne clyme,
Shew'd foorth his radiant beames true courſe to kepe,
VVhome *Zephire* bids *Boniour* with calmie winde.
Foorth goes my Miſtris for to take the aire,
Deem'd by the world ſweet Bewties fayreſt faire.

No ſooner did my loue diſplay her bewtie,
From foorth the glorious portall of her being,
But many ſtates did hold it bounden dutie,
To offer ſeruice ſuch a Goddeſſe ſeeing.
Then doe they ſtriue in dutie to excell,
VVhoſe dutie grac't her bewtie wondrous well.

At her firſt gaze, like when *Appollo's* beames,
In the full glory of their Bewties ſhine,
Doe with the ſplendant rayes that frō heauē ſtreames,
Illuminate the day: from her diuine.
Such lightning came, as all the earth thereby,
Was grac't as much as with the heauens brightie.

VVhen

VIII.

VVHen ſhe was mounted on her Palfrayes backe,
VVhite as the whiteſt ſnowe winters beautie,
Her horſe againe this Princeſſe muſt vnbacke,
Yt were a wonder to behold the dutie.
Thoſe loue-ſicke Knights that ſtill attended on her,
How diligent they were to waite vpon her.

Then in a Chariot trytimphantly ſhe rydes,
Attired all in Robes of perſite greene,
That dangling downe hung looſe about her ſides,
Like Lady *Flora*, Summers bleſſed Queene.
Two other Palfrayes ſwift as *Venus* doue,
Drawes this admired Goddeſſe Lady loue.

No ſooner had her beautie grac't the fields,
But buſie aire vp-heaues her yeilding robe:
Her nether garments likewiſe willing yeilds,
The couering Canopie of pleaſures globe.
A globe wherein a man did neuer ſee,
Such pleaſant fertill countries as there be.

IX.

THe tyme when this ſweet faire her progreſſe tooke,
Was whē freſh ſpring that bud & blome forth bring,
With greene had clad the hills, and euery brooke
VVith Chriſtall glyding ſtreames did ſweetly ſpring,
The Nightingall with feathers new did ſing,
Sommer was come for euery ſpray did ſpring.

The *Bucke* in bracke his Winter coate did caſt,
The *Turtle* to her make hath tould her tale,
The *Adder* all her ſlough away did waſt:
The *Hart* had hunge his olde head on the pale.
And thus I ſawe amonge theſe pleaſant things,
Each care decaies and yet my ſorrowe ſprings.

Still ſide by ſide her Chariot did I run,
And like a Page attended with the reſt,
But when I ſawe the honour ſhe had done,
To other Knights, and mine to be the leaſt:
Oh how my heart within fraighted with ire,
A ſparke ſcarce kindled, turn'd to flaming fier.

Reuenge

X.

REuenge I ſought vpon thoſe harmeles Knights,
And needes I would giue ſcope to raging ire,
Our clamorous weapons fearefull Loue affrights:
To knowe my name the Lady doth deſire.
Thoſe forreine gentils knewe not what to ſay,
Some ſayde I was *Leander*, ſome ſayde nay.

But if that *Beautie* beauties worth may prayſe,
And prayſe himſelfe, whom blackeſt hew doth ſcorne,
My Bewtie boue the reſt my ſelfe might raiſe:
But that I leaue for after-worlds vnborne.
Then iſſu'd foorth a voice, ſome neighbor wight,
Philochaſander doe wee call this Knight.

A warriour whom all *Britaine* doth admire,
A man at armes that dreades no martiall rage,
Diſgrac't he would not be: for fell deſire
Did egg him on: ſome others to aſſwage.
His new bred furie ſought; but all in vaine,
In preſence of his Lady foure Knights were ſlaine.

XI.

THoſe ſtarke dead Corps of thoſe 4 worthy peres,
That breathles lay vpon the thirſtie ground,
Was ſuch a terror to her tender yeares,
That tymerous feare did caſt her in a ſound.
But when her ſences were reſtor'd againe,
This was her guerdon for my taken paine.

From *Bewties* Court I muſt on Pilgrimage,
And neuer more behold her Maieſtie,
But banniſhment with ſuch a goulden age,
As were my youthfull dayes; could not agree,
But though her doome exild me from her ſight,
Aloofe I followed like a wandring Knight.

Foure dead I baniſht yet a hundreth more,
Of gallant gentles did attend on her:
Well might fiue abſent be, amongſt fiue-ſcore,
Where ſuch a worthy troope did waite vpon her,
Exild I was, and Louers ſhe had ſtore,
Yet in deſpight of hate, ſhe had one more.

Poore

XII.

POore I which had two eyes, yet not one eye,
That durſt attempt to lend my ſoule reliefe,
Reliefe to me in mid'ſt of miſerie,
Leaſt that the one eye cauſ'd the others griefe.
Two eies I had yet none to doe me good,
So much in feare of Bewtie, poore I ſtood.

Nere her I might not come, the more my woe,
The farther out of ſight, the more her ioy,
Thus woe became my friend, and weale my foe,
My abſence her content, my ſight anoy.
Thus pilgrym like I ranged full of paine:
Hoping for reſt, though captiue to diſdaine.

But they that hope for fruite on barren land,
May lacke what they deſire, and ſo did I,
I look't for fauour at a Princes hand,
Yet ſcarce durſt view her ſacred Maieſtie:
For I was baniſht, baniſht from her ſight,
That once gaue day vnto my ſoules darke night.

XIII.

SOme men will thinke as due they ought to haue,
For their true ſeruice, guerdon and reward,
But I intreate, and loue for loue I craue:
Yet others though vnworthy are prefard.
I beate the buſh, and others catch the bird,
Reaſon exclaimes and ſweares my hap is hard.

They eate the honny, I muſt hold the hiue:
I ſowe the ſeede, and they muſt reape the corne,
I waſt, they win; I drawe, and they muſt driue,
Theirs is the thanke, and mine the bitter ſcorne.
I ſeeke, they ſpeede: in vaine my winde is ſpent,
I gape, they get, I pray and yet am ſhent.

I faſt, they feede: they drinke, and I ſtill thurſt,
They laugh, I weepe: they ioy, I euer mourne:
They gaine, I looſe, I onely haue the worſt:
They are whole, I am ſicke: they cold, I burne.
I would, they may: I craue, they haue at will,
That helpeth them, but hate my hart doth kill.

Adew

XIIII.

ADew deſart, alas how art thou ſpent?
Ah droping teares, how wofully you waſt,
Poore hart how many ſcalding ſighes are lent
To pricke them forth, that make no ſpeedy haſt:
Ah payned ſoule, thou gap'ſt for mickell grace,
Of her in whome ſweete pittie hath no place.

Vnhappy I, the fixed ſtonye rocke,
From place to place as ſoone I may remoue,
As by my heauy ſorrowe to prouoke
A frozen hart from hate to perfite loue.
What ſhould I ſay, alas ſuch is my lot,
To fawne on womens faire, that make men dotel

For where I ſeeke to finde a reſting port,
I doe but weigh againſt the wauering winde,
And where my troubled ſoule would faine reſort,
There is no place for my abode aſſign'd.
My deſtinie I feare decreeth ſo,
That my true hart ſhould cauſe my mickle woe.

XV.

VVHen glorious *Phœbus* had the Serpent ſlaine,
The wanton God deſired *Cupids* bow,
Which ſudden ſtrife did turne him to ſuch paine,
That in the end he felt the depth of woe.
The ſhaft once ſhot, he neuer could remoue:
His woe began in ſeeking *Daphnes* loue.

This *Cupid* hath a ſhaft of perfit kinde,
Wherewith true-louing makes he gently woundeth.
Whoſe goulden head hath power ynough to binde,
All loyall harts; ſuch force therein aboundeth.
An other ſhafte he hath, that's wrought in ſpight
Whoſe Nature is to quench all ſweete delight

The owne in *Phœbus* tooke a reſting place
In *Daphnes* Breſt he cruell ſhaft did ſlumber,
Phœbus ſought loue, *Daphne* would not imbrace
His vowed loue could neuer bring her vnder.
Such is my caſe? to her I ſeeke to moſt
I loue, ſhe hates, thus is my labour loſt.

As

XVI.

AS oft as I behold my loue in Maieſtie,
Her ſparkling ſoueraigne bewtie that me bound,
The mores my comfort, though exild I be,
But yet alas the freſher is my wound.
My ſoule like *Tantalus* in ſorrow waſteth,
Who ſees the goulden fruite, yet neuer taſteth,

On like a careles Lady ſtill ſhe glides,
Woe worth thoſe Palfrayes that befriend her ſo,
Woe worth the burniſht Charriot where ſhe rides,
Alas alas they nill regard my woe.
Swift Spookes, ſtrong Axeltree, burſt all in ſunder,
That I may feede vpon my ſoules rare wonder.

Yee gentle Courſers that ſo much obay,
Let not the goulden raines your proud heads tame,
Graze on ſome fertill ſoyle, that ſhe may ſtay:
And meditate vpon an exiles name.
Looke what I wiſht: good chance to cure my woũd,
Subuerted her rich pompe downe to the ground.

There

XVII.

THere ſits my loue like *Ioue* in heauens throne,
That mountaine like ſtill ſtandeth, ſo ſtands ſhe,
Whoſe maieſtie thoſe knights doe gaze vpon,
Expecting from her bewtie ſome rich fee.
But this rare accident that *Fortune* wrought,
Twixt timerous feares & dread, my miſtris brought.

As in a traunce ſhe all amazed ſate,
Faire *Elanira*, ſo my ſaire I name,
Who did diſdaine blacke *Venus* for her mate,
Mate would ſhe none but babling tell-tale fame.
To blaze her Bewties excellence about,
Caſting proude libells forren lands throughout.

No ſooner were her Palfrayes put to graze,
And ſhe reuiued that erſt ſeemed dead:
But all the prettie birds on her to gaze.
Marching along, by Nightingalls were lead.
VVith ſugred notes they proffer humble duety,
Carrolling ſweete muſicke to her bewtie.

Thoſe

XVIII.

THoſe prettie birds did frame ſuch melodie,
That *Elanira* fell into a ſlumber,
Her rauiſht ſeruants drencht with harmonie,
Sad drowſie *Morpheus* were inthralled vnder.
Which when the birds perceau'd as they were ioy-
They hop and leap about, & fall to toying. (ing,

They thought poore ſillie fooles, but thought amiſſe,
That ſhe was *Flora* in her chiefeſt pride,
Therefore her currall lips, they chirping kiſſe,
Anon her dangling amber haire they'ſpied.
Thereon ſome play, and leap from haire to haire,
While others ſuck the breath of *Bewties* faire.

Then came vnruly Aire *Zephirus* blaſts,
To gaze vpon this all admired Lady.
The wanton windes her nimble robes vpcaſts,
About her corps: they were as quicke as may be.
To couer *Bewties* treaſure, they nothing leaue,
Their yeilding garments bout her they vpheaue.

XIX.

THen did the wanton birds flie all about,
Her pleasure pallaice viewing all her store,
Rownd rownd, they flutter in, and then flie out,
All that shee had they saw, what could they more.
What mortall eie but I had such a sight,
Could deeme the field no bed, the day no night.

No eie but I, vnles the heauens bright eie,
And other senceles eies that nothing wit,
Beheld this blessed obiect: whereat I
Amazed stood, bereau'd of sence and wit.
Yet when I cald to minde what I had lost,
I drew nigh that which I desired most.

And when the sudden mist that dazled had,
Mine eyes at their first sight and sudden view,
Had cast his stemmy garment: oh so glad
Was I, that what I saw, for truth I knew:
Imagine gentle Louers how it grieu'd me,
I saw, yet could not haue, that should relieue me.

While

XX.

WHile thus I muſing ſtood, ſwift feathered Time,
Came flying by, and tould me t'was mid-day,
Thoſe ſlumbring Knights and Lady all diuine,
Slept on; the prettie birds tooke flight away.
Then nigh my Lady, nigh as nigh may be,
I did approch vnto her Maieſtie.

I did againe what *Zephir* did vndoe,
I ſpred the couering ſilken Canopie,
I plac't her goulden treſſes in a roe,
I had a care of her ſweete Chaſtitie.
By this time drowſie ſlumber left her eyes,
(The curtaines drawne) my Lady gan to riſe.

She ſaw t'was day, but when ſhe ſaw me by,
She gan exclaime, but all her Knights were faſt,
Then dreading naught I did approch more nie,
No dread at all, nor feare did me agaſt.
Then ſuch a tale I ſounded in her eare,
That ere I ceaſt, ſhe bad me come more nere.

XXI.

NO ſooner had ſhe ſayd, but I was by,
Downe I muſt ſet, with honour ſhe did grace me,
My tale halfe tould, ſhe caſt a wanton eye,
With luorie circling armes ſhe did imbrace me.
Thrice welcome to thy friend thy Quondam foe,
(This ſayd) ſhe aſkt if I did loue or no?

Rauiſht with ioy I made her this replie,
Worlds wonder, Heauens beautie, Loues comfort,
Was *Hero* lou'd, if lou'd, then ſo loue I,
I true *Earbas* not falſe *Æneas* conſort,
Then welcome loue, if loue in thee haue place,
Receaue this touch, as guerdon from my grace.

What that I touch't her lippes, ſhe likewiſe mine,
And what I gaue to her, ſhe gaue to me,
Twiſe did I touch her beautie all diuine,
Nay then (quoth ſhe) one more, I'le haue my fee.
A thouſand moe to giue was my deſire,
Such ſtore of fuell loue caſt on true-loues fire.

By

XXII.

BY this the dreaming Knights began to wake,
The drowſie Iaylor bid them haſt away,
Fourth of his ſlumbring Cell quick ſpeed they make,
And hauing left their cabbins finde it day.
(Their former ſence reſtor'd) on me they gazed.
To ſee me preſent they were much amazed.

Lordings why gaze and frowne you thus, quoth ſhe,
Why diſconted? not a word they ſay,
They ceaſe to frowne, ſince 'twill no better be,
She bids them bring her Courſer: they obay.
She being mounted, made her home returne,
Erſt cold with feare, now fraight with icy burne.

Her ſhiuered Charriot was anewe repair'd,
Againſt her next dayes progreſſe as ſhe bad:
What earth on earth to her might be compar'd,
Who of the choice of earth by Gods was made?
Faire *Elanira* faireſt faire alme,
To match whoſe faire all other faires did ſtrme.

XXIIII.

Hero the faire so called for her beautie,
And yet not faire in *Elanira's* view,
The Gods themselues did proffer loue and dutie,
Vowing to change her earth-borne mortall hew.
And frame her all diuine, but yet alas,
She sayd them nay, she would be as she was.

Helen was faire, but not so faire as she,
Dido was faire and yet she wanted faire:
The dames of *Iewry* were faire, for so thought he,
But none of these with her might nere compaire,
Hero, *Helen*, *Dido*, all pale with White,
And when she shone, their glory turn'd to night,

On this dayes new borne light, I Page-like tended,
Casting my little lights on that bright Sunne,
On so mine eye-sight suddenly amended,
Receauing comfort from that blessed one.
I could but winke, such was her beauties force,
She tender'd smiles on me, mou'd with remorce.

With

XXIIII.

WIth prettie pleasant chat we spent the time,
Vntill the setting of this glorious Sunne,
At the faire portall of her rest diuine,
The *Senses* fiue sweete harmonie begun.
To welcome home faire bewtie with their sweet,
While other Virgins stoope to grace her feete.

There might I see, and seing might behold,
Her Princely edifice: whose entring gate
Did seeme to all in-goers beaten gold,
Such was the honour that did grace her state.
Entring therin all sorrow was bereauen,
For I suppos'd her pallaice blessed heauen.

The rich embowings of that mansion,
Were framed of the purest Iuorie,
The pillors gold which they did rest vpon,
For the sweete pleasure of her Maiestie.
The walles were couered all with siluer o're,
So rare a pallaice neuer seene before.

Vppon

XXV.

VPpon the ſiluer ſealing of the ſame,
Were carued fierie beaſts of ſondry ſorts,
That ſeemed to withſtand all ſuch as came,
And to that Princely manſion durſt reſort.
All things therein ſo curiouſly were placed,
As neuer mortall wight was better graced.

The pauement was of rich and precious ſtone,
Caru'd in ſuch ſort, as three times bleſſed hee,
Might ſo be honor'd as to treade thereon,
To haue acceſſe vnto her Maieſtie.
Each part thereof did gliſter where we come,
As if it were the beautie of the Sunne.

The Sunne ſayd I, alas how oft yet miſt her,
(Like to a craftie Fox mong'ſt water fowles,)
Crept through her window & had thought to kiſt her,
No no, hie ſoaring *Eagles* ſcorne low ſtowles.
There is no ſunne to glad the world but this,
Whom tender plants young youth do long to kiſſe.

Her

XXVI.

HEr gentle palme my warlike hand did grace,
And to a further roome conducted me,
Claſping my yeilding corps with ſweet imbrace,
Vntill ſhe ſhew'd me all her treaſurie.
Yf words had bred content, then deeds would ſa-
Had *Mars* of ſcornfull *Venus* won ſuch fauor. (uour,

Viewing her ſtore-houſe I began to wonder,
Within this burniſht caſkonet (quoth ſhe)
Are pearles high priz'd: this other placed vnder,
Containes ſuch Iems as man did neuer ſee.
This Iuorie box with Ruby ſtones is graced.
Within this other, Diamonds richly placed.

VVith that ſhe takes me as ſhe did before,
Philochaſander worthy Knight ſhe ſayd,
Loe here a cheſt containing three times more,
Aſke what thou wilt, thou ſhalt not be denayd.
All this is mine nay thine, and ſo much more;
Yf thou wilt help my woes, take all my ſtore.

XXVII.

ALas my loue ſayd I what bitter woe,
Preſum'd to houſe within thy ſacred breſt?
The heauens will ſure be venged on thy foe,
And nere permit that helliſh ſoule to reſt.
Phœbus will frowne and neuer lend him light,
But ſuffer him to pine in obſcure night.

Ioue will ſend downe ſwift *Mercurie* from heauen,
And make a transformation of his hew:
The ſences fiue will him of ſence bereauen,
And bind him captiue to the pyning crew:
That wanting eares and eyes, to heare and ſee,
May pining liue, and die in miſerie.

Ioues Ganimed that ſweet and daintie boy,
Whoſe flowing *Nectar* cup impleat with ſweet,
Shall like falſe *Mynos* with that traytor play,
And change *Ambroſia* to poyſon meet.
Forcing him drinke a full carouſe to death,
Who ſoone ſhall pledge him with his loſſe of breath.

XXVIII.

YF heauen refuſe to doe this bleſſed deed,
I will in perſon downe to night blacke hell,
And craue of faire *Proſerpina* his meed:
That ſtill he may be plagu'd with furies fell.
She is a woman therefore will be wonne,
Yf ſhe conſent, ſoone ſhall reuenge be done.

I'le bring with me from *Hell* to torture him,
The hatefull monſter hag *Tyſiphone*,
Vpon whoſe vgly loathſome carrion ſkin:
Feede hiſſing Snakes the Impes of crueltie.
That they may dangling hang vpon his haire,
That (frighted with the hiſſing) may diſpaire.

Yf ſhe denie to ayde my Loues diſtreſſe,
I'le to the Sea, and there I will complaine,
To louely *Theres* ſhe's not pittileſſe,
That if the founder of thy woes remaine,
Vppon her ſiluer waues, rough ſeas ſhall riſe,
And on his ſhipwrackt ſoule ſhall tyrannize.

XXIX.

Ile Likewiſe to the Mother Earth deplore,
And all my harts deepe wounds to her make knowne,
That if the Traytor raunge vpon the ſhore,
Her crueltie vpon him ſhalbe ſhowne.
Heauen, *Earth*, *Sea*, *Hell*, I'le woo thē with the Sun,
To make him taſt of woe, that woe begun.

Say *Elanira*, ſpeake my loue diuine,
Sweete ſoule (ſayd I) why ſtand'ſt thou thus amazed,
Hart, Lyfe, and Soule, and all I haue is thine,
Like one affrighted ſtill on me ſhe gazed.
Vntill, as foorth of traunce ſhe was remou'd,
Thus ſhe began and tould me that ſhe lou'd.

Kinde Knight, Lord all admired, my deareſt friend,
Bewties Champion, the Prince of Chiualrie,
Thy forward minde, and valour I commend,
Ne make I doubt of thy true loyaltie.
Then in a word the founder of my woe,
Is a proude *Brittaine* Dame *Silla* my foe.

This

XXX.

THis Dame (quoth ſhe) a neighbring Caſtle by
Doth keepe, whoſe faire indeede I muſt confes,
Is too too faire grac'd with a wanton eye,
Whoſe beautie then my faire is nothing leſſe,
Were ſhe but dead, then ſhould I neuer mone,
For with her death my heauie woes were done.

Pleaſeth my loue? nay pree thee ſtay (quoth ſhe)
I know thou't ſay, thou wilt performe the deed,
But be aduiſ'd, be ſlow in crueltie,
I wiſh her dead, yet would not haue her bleed,
May not this act ſome other way be done,
And force no blood: ſayd I, let me alone.

But all this while the other loue-ſicke Lords,
Were banquetting to paſſe the wearie tyme,
Loue to my loue, and me no cates affords,
Saue precious *Nectar* from pure loue diuine.
With that ſhe wild me to a window come,
To ſhew me where this murther muſt be done.

XXXI.

TAking my humble leaue as louers vſe,
I bad farewell, the like ſhe did returne.
I wiſht her dread no ill, ne to refuſe,
To oyle thoſe out-worne Lamps that could not burn.
For want of her ſweet comfort bleſſed ſunne,
Vntill the ſcene of this firſt act were done.

She to the Knights, I to this Dame did goe,
With good intent, and not as Homicides,
With thirſtie hands for bloud, ne like a foe,
That for a pray himſelfe in ambuſh hides.
Though loue inforc'd me graunt what ſhe deſired,
My hart denied to act what ſhe required.

When to the Portall of this ſtately Tower,
I did approch, (amazed at the ſight)
I ſtood admiring, deaming it ſome bower,
Or Sommer manſion houſe of ſweet delight.
Or elſe the reſidence of ſome demi-god,
Or ſome rich Court where loue made his abode.

XXXII.

A Valiaunt man at armes, a warlike knight,
Clad in rich Armour of pure beaten gould,
Stands to encounter with each wandring wight,
Of courage fierce, to Combate wondrous bould;
(Dismounted of my Steed) I gan salute him;
And as a forren Knight, thus gan to greete him.

Courteous Lord, if thou be courteous,
To such as proffer naught but courtesie,
Graunt me accesse vnto the vertuous,
And all admired Queene of Chastitie.
Thy Lady and Mistres so she seemes to be,
Whose bewtie thou maintain'st by Chiualrie.

Yf by intreatie I may be so happie,
As to obtaine the graunt of my desire,
Freely to haue accesse vnto the Lady,
Whose grace and virtues all the world admires.
VVhat, doest thou frowne before my tale be ended?
Then doe thy worst, Iscorne to be befriended.

Sparkes.

XXXIII.

SParks let to burne, breake into fierie flames,
Flames not put out, consume what ere they tuch,
Tuch where it will, the fier nothing frames,
But burnes and spoyles all, were it twise as much.
My sword the fier, the spoyle his hart blood is,
Which I inforc'd the cold base earth to kisse.

Downe downe he fell, my force inforc'd him down,
Downe to the low layd bowels of the dust,
Dust to the dust I threw, with dust did frowne.
And frowning spoke his last, die die I must:
Must is for a Queene, therefore meete for mee,
For whose sweete sake I fram'd this Tragedie.

Leauing the liueles body on the ground,
Clad with the goulden brest-plate of my foe,
Secure I entred in whereas I found,
Faire *Silla* dauncing with a hundreth moe.
Well quallified Virgins all in white,
Whose glorious splendor made the ronie more light.

Darke

XXXIIII.

DArke grewe the place at my firſt gazing on them,
Darke as the gloomy day or ſable night,
No ſooner was I in, and look'd vpon them,
But *Silla* fled amazed at the ſight:
The day growes darke when as it wants the Sun,
(The Princes fled) the Ladies ſport was done.

I ſeeing this faire Ladie flie me fro,
As fearefull Dooes from hunters fierce purſuite,
Who ouer-toyled can no further goe,
But in ſome brake lys cloſe as dead and mute.
So did I chaſe this prettie Dooe ſo fur,
That (being faint) fell downe and could not ſtur.

Bout whom her Virgins fram'd a prettie fort,
Linking their luorie fingers one in one,
As did *Diana's* Nymphes in ſelfe ſame ſort,
Lamenting her miſhap with tickle moane.
Silla amazing ſtar'd me in the face,
Admiring much how I came to that place.

XXXV.

THe yeilding chained fort I brake in sunder,
And clasping *Silla* in my gentle armes,
I tooke her vp as forth a drowsie slumber,
Vowing to shield her from ensuing harmes.
Feare not (sayd I) sweet Lady feare no harmes,
Thy guard my sword shalbe, thy bed my armes.

Hereat dead *Silla* gan reuiue againe;
Recouering former sence these words she sayde;
Heauens warrior, *Hell* conqueror, *Earthes* captaine,
A thousand welcomes to a sillie maide:
More then a man thou art, lesse cannot be;
Thy valiaunt lookes fore-showes great Chiualrie.

Wert thou not hardie, thou hadst nere come here;
But tell me gentle Knight, how scap'st thou death?
The Lord that kept me from thy sight sweet dere,
By dint of sword I seaz'd his vitall breath.
Dead lye his corps in place where he was slaine,
Nere on my life will he reuiue againe.

XXXVI.

YF then (quoth ſhe) my guerdon thou doe deeme of,
Supplie that place of honour, and my loue:
Which ſmall preferment if my Lord eſteeme of,
My firme vow'd fauour neuer ſhall remoue.
Serue me but dayly, I am thine for euer,
What day forbids, at night we'le doe together.

I liſt not aſke, ne doe I care to knowe,
The cauſe that mou'd thee to aduenture lyfe,
Vnles for fauour: tell me is it ſo,
Yf ſo? I yeild, to baniſh further ſtrife.
Why doe I thus with words beguile the tyme,
And make not vſe of him, that's wholy myne?

Come, come my loue, my hand would faine be doing,
Meet me halfe way, and then we be vnited,
The fort is wonne, thou need'ſt no other woing,
Giue me thy hart it ſhall be well requited.
Hart, hand and all what ere I haue is thine,
Yeild thou as much, and be thou likewiſe mine.

XXXVII.

WHy ſtandeſt thou amazed worthy Knight,
Canſt thou not loue; or doeſt thou ſcorne to loue?
Thou ſeeſt my pallace fraighted with delight,
Whoſe endles pleaſures neuer ſhall remoue.
Oh canſt thou ſee a Lady weepe, that loues thee,
And cannot pittie to ſome pitie moue thee?

Be but my loue, and from *Elizium*,
I'ie charme ſweet *Orpheo* for our more delight,
Who can inforce the beaſts to daunce that's dum;
And likewiſe hould the fleeting birds from flight,
Who ſtayes ſwift riuers with his melodie,
And cauſe the trees purſue his harmonie.

Nay more I will to *Paphos* take my way,
Where ſacred beautie hath her reſidence,
And charme her ſences that ſweet muſicke play,
And force them waite vpon thy excellence,
What canſt thou wiſh, that ſhall not be effected?
But yet I ſee my loue is quite reiected.

XXXVIII.

I that gaue hearing to her wanton words,
When all her idle chat was well conceited:
My sad reply no comfort sweet affords,
Tis follie, with kind words to be deluded:
I nought desiring but death and miserie,
Faire *Elahira* wills, and you must die.

Oh short liu'd ioy (quoth she) and may it be,
That I am thus betrayed of my foe:
O welcome death, strike, strike, I pardon thee,
And since I needs must die, let it be so.
I neuer wrong'd her secret deities,
That she should seeke my woefull tragedies.

My weeping eyes fraighted with liquid teares,
To heare my siluer swan sing so by rote,
Oh how her lamentation dulcid mine eares,
How my poore heart in pities sea did flote:
To heare her young, (poore Virgin) waile & wepe,
How their discording plaints, no meane could keepe.

XXXIX.

Illa that prostrate laye at mercies feete,
I did vpheaue, and tooke her by the hand,
Whome, (after her sad passions) thus did greete,
Be rul'd by me, (quoth she) at your command.
Though contrarie to kinde, yet doe but this,
And on mine honour it will proue thy blisse.

To life, or death, do what you will (quoth she)
I condescend and long to heare my doome,
Then thus sayd I, you must transformed be,
And from a Lady, a worthy Knight become.
Yf this be all to further your desire,
I will foorthwith prouide me such attire.

Clad like two worthy Knights, we both together,
March to the pallaice of my Lady loue:
Next day, with early *Tytan* we came thither,
Approching nigh, descending from aboue.
A lostie Tower, my loue cast downe such beames,
As not frō *Phœbus* throne more bright raies streames.

XLV.

I gazing on my loue, the Sunne that shone,
Casting sweet comfort on the low layd ground,
From of the top of loues sweet mansion,
Receau'd from loue a three times deeper wound.
Which loue perceauing to recure the same,
Descended from aboue and downe she came.

First we imbrace, and then to kissing fall,
From kisses to imbracements turne againe,
Then gan I tell a fained tragicke tale,
How *Silla* and her Virgins all were slaine.
She ruinst seem'd to heare that tale of woe,
(*Sylla* by standing) and the tale not so.

Not *Silla* then but *Florus* I did name her,
Whome I presented to faire *Elanire*,
How pale the Lady look'd, but could I blame her,
Being a Princesse in a Knights attire.
Short tale to make, so much her friend I prou'd,
That in the Court she was intirely lou'd.

Three

XLI.

THree ſoules in one, in one cloſe ſenceles Cham-
Silla, my ſelfe and faireſt *Elanire*, (ber,
VVhoſe glitt'ring haire ſhone like the chafed am-
Of force to force immortall eyes admire. (ber,
VVithin that cloſet cloſe which we were in,
A falſe diſcourſe of murther I begin.

Faire glorie of honour beauteous *Elanire*,
Since for your loue I did aduenture life,
Vowing by holy oath nere to retire:
Vntill death ceaſ'd the inſtrument of ſtrife,
Thy loue ſweet loue's retourn'd with victorie,
Then graunt me guerdon for her tragedie.

Thy honours prize, (quoth ſhe) ſhalbe my ſoule,
My endles loue, my ſtore and all that's mine,
No Knight within my Court ſhall thee controule,
No mortall Prince ſhall check thee all diuine,
Diuine thou art becauſe thou art my loue,
Selfe of my ſelfe, deſcended from aboue.

As

XLII.

AS many weary ſteps, as loue hath gon,
So many kinde imbracements will I giue thee:
Thy ſword ſhrill ecchoes, ten kiſſes ſweet for one,
For one blow ſingle, gentle loue beleeue me.
Promiſe is debt and debt ſhalbe repayde,
Receaue thy dewe to kiſſe be not affrayde.

Art thou aſham'd, belike this knight in place,
(Speaking by *Silla*) hinders thy intent,
Tuſh man for loue tis lawfull to embrace:
To kiſſe and wanton where true loue is ment.
If kiſſes and imbracements will not ſerue thee,
We'le find more daintie cates, I will not ſtarue thee.

As ſhe did deſcant on theſe wanton theames,
Terrors alarums ſounded in our eares,
Whereat we 'mazed, as a ſoule that dreames,
Frighted in ſleepe with thouſand ſundry feares.
And as I thought a like replie to frame,
An hundred Knights into the chamber came.

XLIII.

THe rumour which good truth did verifie,
Was, that a multitude of Quondam Louers,
Came for reueuge for *Silla's* tragedie:
Whose war-like troopes the grasse-greene medowes.
Short tale to make *Silla* gainst *Silla* tought, (couers.
Philothasanders pollicie so wrought.

A greater warriour Britaine neuer bred,
Before the battles ioyn'd, vnto the field,
Faire *Elarina's* troopes by him were led,
The skirmish done, his enemies gan yeild.
Some fled, some fearefull dyed, some others slaine,
Which honour vnto *Silla* did pertaine.

Silla supposed *Florus*, to whom the Knight,
Philochasander Prince of Chiualrie,
Did willing yeild the honour of the fight,
And made her famous in the Victorie.
(All things concluded, they two worne louers,)
Philochasander *Silla* then discouers.

Great

XLIIII.

GReat admiration bred this accident,
The vertuous loue of *Silla* to her foe,
That ſought her death, yet euer permanent,
To honour her, that ſought her ouerthrowe.
When *Elanira* on good *Silla* gazed,
Oh how the bluſhing Lady was amazed.

How many Dames affords this wilfull age?
How many *Silla's* is there to be found?
How many women can reuenge aſſwage
And burie mortall anger vnder ground?
As *Silla* did, for which as erſt before,
Faire *Elanira* did her ioyes reſtore.

Philocha ſander, where is ſuch another,
That can indure the ſorrow he hath borne?
What man is he, to ayde his deareſt brother,
VVill were loues weary yoke, as he hath worne?
Doe good to all, though you be tyranniz'd,
That boue the Spheare, your ſoules be cannoniz'd.

Omne ſimile non eſt Idem.